

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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DAILY EVENING STAR.

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(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

On D street, between 12th and 13th streets,

BY
JOSEPH B. TATE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Encouragement to American Poetic Talent!

\$500 Premium.

IMRESSED as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But, while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chief d'œuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, whilst they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned omissions of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever invited the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau and the Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the kingly panoply of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time-hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Dibden, and Campbell? Or what has the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim: "Let me but write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold insensate marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvass to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum, are as follows:

1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:

The President of the United States.
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do
Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do
Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Repts.
Hon. Addison White, do do
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do
Hon. D. T. Disney, do do
Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
D. Thos. Saunders.

Joseph Gales, } of the Press.
Gen. R. Armstrong, }
Dr. G. Bailey, }
W. W. Seaton, }

Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
Wm. Seddon, late Treasurer of the U. S.
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.
Rev. S. S. Roszell, M. E. Church.
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

2d. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution, on the second Monday of December next, at such hour as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

3d. All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

4th. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

5th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.
WASHINGTON, FEB. 10, 1853. feb. 17—

Light Kid Gloves, Black Nett Mitts, &c.
20 doz. Bajou's light colored Kid Gloves
10 do. white do.
15 doz. Black Nett Mitts
100 " Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves, every quality.
Call and see WM. R. RILEY,
corner 8th street, opposite the Market.
may 6—1m

E. C. CARRINGTON.
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office, east wing of the City Hall.
feb 17

R. H. LASKEY.
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.
Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.
dec 30

G. L. GIBERSON,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.
Office on Louisiana avenue near 7th street.
jan 3—

WILLIAM H. BAUM,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street.
IS PREPARED to undertake any kind of BUILDING. REPAIRING attended to with promptness.
ap 21—6w

NEW CIGAR STORE.
WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new Store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.
Call and try for yourselves!
ap 25—tf

COOPER & MCGHAN,
PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers,
H. D. Cooper is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. McGhan is a practical Plumber from New York.
Call and see us.
ap 15

PHILIP BOTELER,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,
D Street, between 8th and 9th streets,
m 18—tf WASHINGTON.

HOWELL & MORSELL,
(Successors to Oliver Whittlesey.)
DEALERS IN
OILS, LAMPS, GLASSES, & WICKS,
of every description.
PAINTS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, & GLASS.
Artists' Materials of every description.
Todd's Buildings, C street.
may 23—tf WASHINGTON.

L. F. BUTTS.
TIN, SHEET IRON, & COPPER SMITH,
Near the corner of 7th and F streets, Island.
All orders punctually attended to.
may 20—tf

MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,
North side Penn. av., two doors below 4th st.
Would inform his customers and the public that he has just opened a very large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he would call their attention; among which are, Superior Mole-skin, Silk, Cassimere, and Slouch HATS; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS; Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German, Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS; Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths' HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool and other Common HATS. All of which he will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase anything in his line, will do well by calling at
MAGUIRE'S,
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

COLT'S REVOLVING PISTOLS, &c.
A LARGE and complete assortment of Colts' and Allen's REVOLVERS of all sizes and qualities just opened and for sale by
JNO. W. BADEN.
South side Penn. avenue, near 6th st.
ap 9—2aw6w

TO THE PUBLIC.

Garnier's Vegetable Pain Extractor.

HAVING, for the last fifteen years, been engaged in examining the medical properties of the various plants of the vegetable kingdom, in order to ascertain that if by a proper and proportionate combination and blending of several kinds into one harmonious whole, a liquid medicine could not be obtained that could be used internally and externally without injury to the human system, and that would relieve poor, suffering humanity of some of the diseases that flesh is heir to, I flatter myself that I have produced such a medicine, which I call GARNIER'S VEGETABLE PAIN EXTRACTOR, that, for its efficacy in removing pain and disease from the human body, stands unrivalled in the history of medicine. This is no idle boast, as I first tried its virtues in my own family and then administered it to my friends and acquaintances until several hundreds have used it, and who are as much astonished and delighted as myself at the almost miraculous cures it has performed.

Satisfied of its wonderful powers, and at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I have determined to spread it broad-cast throughout the world, and for this purpose I have appointed Mr. G. L. GILCHRIST, of the city of Washington, D. C., my General Agent, who is prepared to supply Agents with any quantity of this valuable medicine. To him all letters and orders must be addressed, (post-paid,) which will meet with prompt attention.
may 26—tf GEORGE W. GARNER.

E. BURNETT'S
CONFECTIONARY AND FRUIT STORE,
Corner of Penn. avenue and 14th street,
next Kidwell & Lawrence's Drug Store.

CONSTANTLY for sale, at the lowest cash prices, CONFECTIONARY, of all kinds, CAKES, Foreign FRUITS and NUTS, ICE CREAM, \$2 per gallon—families supplied at the shortest notice. TOYS and FANCY ARTICLES at reduced prices.

The public are respectfully informed that all Cakes and Confectionary advertised as above are made expressly for the establishment by the undersigned.
may 2—7w J. G. WEAVER, Agent.

The Pale Image.
Allingham is the author of the following beautiful touching stanzas. The remarkable similarity of his genius to that of Tennyson cannot fail to be noticed:

When she lieth on her bed,
With a crown of lillies pale
Set upon her peaceful head,
And her true love's kiss would fail
To restore a little red
To the blanched cheek;

When her hands, all white and cold,
On her cold, cold breast are laid,
O'er the straight and snowy fold
Palm to palm, as if she pray'd—
Prayer to rest for aye untold
On that mouth so meek.

Do not gaze on her too much.
You that have the nearest right;
Press her lip with parting touch.
Leaving dimm'd your misty sight;
Death is false, and e'en to such
Gentle ones as she.

If you feed your loving eyes.
Then, when death her bridegroom seems,
She shall come in deathly guise
Through your thoughts and through your
dreams;
And when met in Paradise
Scarcely known shall be.

A Tale of Diablerie.

It may be now about twelve years since I was forced by a lawsuit to spend some months in Stuttgart. I lived at one of the best hotels, and generally dined with a large company at the table d'hôte. Once upon a time I made my first appearance at table after a lapse of several days, during which I had been forced to keep my room. The company were talking very eagerly about a certain Signor Barigni, who for some time past had been delighting the other visitors with his lively wit, and his fluency in all languages. All were unanimous in his praise, but they could not exactly agree as to his occupation; some making him out a diplomatist, others a teacher of languages, a third party a distinguished political exile, and a fourth a spy of the police. The door opened, all seemed silent, even confused, at having carried on the dispute in so loud a tone; I judged that the person spoken of must be among us, and saw Signor Barigni, as the stranger was called. He had given a new relish to our meals by his brilliant conversation, when mine host interrupted us suddenly, "Gentlemen," said he, "prepare yourself for an unique entertainment which will be provided for you to-morrow."

We asked what this meant, and a grey-headed captain, who had presided at the hotel table many years, informed us of the joke as follows:

"Exactly opposite this dining room an old bachelor lives, solitary and alone, in a large deserted house. He is a retired Counsellor of State, lives on a handsome pension, and has an enormous fortune besides. He is, however, a downright fool, and has some of the strangest peculiarities; thus, for instance, he often gives himself entertainments on a scale of extravagant luxury. He orders covers for twelve from the hotel; he has excellent wines in his cellar, and one or the other of our waiters has the honor to attend the table. You think, perhaps, that at these feasts he feeds the hungry, and gives drink to the thirsty; no such thing. On the chairs lie old yellow leaves of parchment from the family record, and the old humk is as jovial as if he had the merriest set of fellows around him. He talks and laughs with them; and the whole thing is said to be so fearful to look upon, that the youngest waiters are always sent over, for whoever has been to one such supper will enter the deserted house no more.

"The day before yesterday he had a supper, and our new waiter—Frank, there—calls heaven and earth to witness that nobody shall ever induce him to go there a second time. The next day after the entertainment comes the Counsellor's second freak. Early in the morning he leaves the city, and comes back the morning after; not, however, to his own house, which during this time is fast locked and bolted, but into this hotel. Here he treats people he has been in the habit of seeing for a year, as strangers; dines; and afterwards places himself at one of the windows, and examines his own house across the way from top to bottom.

"Who does that house opposite belong to?" he then asks the host.

The other regularly blows and answers, "It belongs to the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer, at your Excellency's service."

Hasentreffer then examines the house, and learned that it belongs to Hasentreffer. "Oh, what!" he asks, "the same that was a student with me at Tisbingen—then throws open the windows, stretches his powdered head out, and calls out—Ha-asentreffer—Ha-asentreffer!"

Of course no one answers, but he remarks: "The old fellow would never forgive me, if I was not to look in on him for a moment," then takes up his hat and cane, unlocks his own house, goes in, and all goes on after him as before."

All of us, as the Professor proceeded in his story, were greatly astonished at this singular story, and highly delighted at the idea of the next day's merriment.

Signor Barigni, however, obliged us to promise that we would not betray him, as he was preparing a capital joke to play off on the councillor.

We all met at the table d'hôte earlier than usual, and besieged the windows.—An old tumble-down carriage, drawn by two blind steeds, came crawling down the street; it stopped before the hotel.—There's Hasentreffer, was echoed by every mouth; and we were filled with extravagant merriment when we saw the little man get out, neatly powdered, dressed in an iron-gray surcoat with a huge meerschau in hand. An escort of at least ten servants followed him in, and in this guise he entered the dining-room.

We sat down at once. I have seldom laughed as much as I did then; for the old chap insisted with great coolness, that he came direct from Carrel, and that he had six days before been extremely well entertained at the Swan Inn at Frankfurt. Barigni must have disappeared before the dessert, for when the councillor left the table, and the other guests, full of curiosity, imitated his example, Barigni was no where to be seen.

The councillor took his seat at the window; we all followed his example, and watched his movements. The house opposite seemed desolate and uninhabited. Grass grew on the threshold; the shutters were closed, and on some of them, birds seemed to have built their nests.

"A fine house, opposite," said the old man to our host, who kept standing behind and in "third position." "Who does it belong to?"

"To the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer, at your Excellency's service."

"Ah, indeed! that must be the same one that was a fellow-student with me," exclaimed he; "he would never forgive me if I was not to inform him that I was here." He opened the window—"Ha-asentreffer!—Ha-asentreffer!" cried he, in a hoarse voice. But who can paint our terror, when opposite, in the empty house, which we knew was firmly locked and bolted, a window-shutter was slowly raised, a window opened, and out of it peered the Counsellor of State, Hasentreffer, in his chintz morning-gown and white nightcap, under which a few thin gray locks were visible; this, this exactly, was his usual morning costume. Down to the minutest wrinkle on the pallid visage, the figure across the street was precisely the same as the one that stood by our side. But a panic seized us, when the figure in the morning-gown called out across the street, in just the same hoarse voice, "What do you want? who are you calling too, hey?"

"Are you the councillor of State, asentreffer?" said the one on our side of the way, pale as death, in a trembling voice, and quaking as he leaned against the window for support.

"I'm the man," squaked the other, and nodded his head in a friendly way; "have you any commands for me?"

"But I'm the man too," said our friend mournfully, "how can it be possible?"

"You are mistaken my dear friend," answered he across the way, "you are the thirteenth, be good enough to step across the street to my house, and let me twist your neck for you; it is by no means painful."

"Waiter! my hat and stick," said the Counsellor pale as death, and his voice escaped in mournful tones from his hollow chest. "The devil is in my house and seeks my soul; a pleasant evening to you, gentlemen," added he turning to us with a polite bow, and left the room.

"What does this mean?" we asked each other; are we all beside ourselves?" The gentleman in the morning-gown kept looking quietly out of the window, while our good silly friend crossed the street at his usual formal place. At the front door, he pulled a huge bunch of keys out of his pocket, unlocked the heavy creaking door—he of the morning-gown looking carelessly on, and walked in.

The latter now withdrew from the window, and we saw him go forward to meet our acquaintance at the room door.

"Our host and the ten waiters were all pale with fear and trembled. "Gentlemen," said the former, "God pity poor Hasentreffer, for one of those two must be the devil in human shape." We laughed at our host, and tried to persuade ourselves that it was a joke of Barigni's; but our host assured us that no one could have obtained access to the house except he was in possession of the Counsellor's very artificially contrived keys; also, that Barigni was seated at table not ten minutes before the prodigy happened; how then could he have disguised himself so completely in so short a time, even supposing him to have known how to unlock a strange house? He added, that the two were so fearfully like one another, that he who had lived in the neighborhood for twenty years could not distinguish the true one from the counterfeit. "But, for God's sake, gentlemen, do you not hear the horrid shrieks opposite?"

We rushed to the window—terrible and fearful voices rang across from the empty house; we fancied we saw the old Counsellor pursued by his image in the morning gown, hurry past the window repeatedly. On a sudden all was quiet.

We gazed on each other; the boldest among us proposed to cross over to the house—we all agreed to it. We crossed the street—the huge bell at the old man's door was rung thrice, but nothing could be heard in answer; we sent for the police and to a blacksmith's—the door was broken open, the whole tide of anxious visitors poured up the wide silent staircase—all the doors were fastened; at length one was opened, in a splendid apartment, the Counsellor, his iron-gray frock coat torn to pieces, his neatly dressed hair in horrible disorder, lay dead, strangled, on the sofa.

Since that time no traces of Barigni have been found, neither in Stuttgart nor elsewhere.

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The Seamstresses of London.

The condition of the seamstresses of London has recently awakened much attention, and inquiries into the amount of labor required of them have brought to light some startling facts. It is a matter of surprise that the evils thus developed should have been overlooked by the tender-hearted philanthropists of Stafford House. The subject was skillfully discussed by the London Times some two months since, when the public were informed that during the busy season the seamstresses were kept at their tasks eighteen hours out of the twenty-four! Ten and fifteen minutes are allowed for each of the four meals per day. This strain upon the human system was kept up for weeks and months, or as long as the fashionable season lasted. The girls were allowed to go out on Sunday, which was absolutely the only cessation from toil they had.

A correspondence of the Times gives some facts in regard to a great mantua-making establishment in the city, which are far more shocking than the above. In the establishment referred to, work commenced at 7 in the morning, and is continued until 11 at night—40 minutes being allowed for time in which to eat (or "bolt") four meals. This is not merely during the busy season, but it is the established rule and practice the year round. This "never ending, still beginning" slavery is a thousand fold worse than the few weeks of comparative severity at the west end. These girls are not allowed to cross the threshold except on Sunday, even to purchase a pair of shoes, and they must employ a friend outside to do it for them. Their shop accommodations are on a par with the inhumanity displayed in their hours of labor. Ten or twelve of them are huddled into a room twelve feet square, without ventilation, and with large gas burners over their heads. Bed-rooms are crowded with six persons, and no comfort is ever allowed in this white slave den. These facts should convince the English that there is a wide field for philanthropic efforts nearer home than America.

GEN. QUATTLEBAUM RESIGNED—PEACE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Gen. Paul Quattlebaum, the leading military secessionist of South Carolina, has resigned his commission as a Brigadier General of the military forces of the State. We now feel easy—perfectly easy—concerning South Carolina. She has submitted to stay in the Union, and to devote her energies henceforward to the arts of peace, and General Quattlebaum's "occupation's gone."

"Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars Which make ambition virtue."

But two short years ago, the whole of the Palmetto State, from the swamps of the sea-board to the mountains—though not so much in the mountains as among the swamps—was in a blaze of war. Secession Conventions, the organization and drilling of troops, military encampments, armories, and appropriations for artillery and munitions of war, were the order of the day. Then Gen. Quattlebaum rode about upon his charger, "armed *capa pie*." What a change! The clamor for war has been superseded by railroad meetings and the great Memphis practical business convention. And Gen. Quattlebaum has resigned! And may he never be called upon again to draw his warlike sword for battle, except against the common enemy of the whole country! *Vive Gen. Quattlebaum!*—N. Y. Herald.

Miss Frederika Bremer, of Sweden, whose charming fictions have been read by so many millions of people in the old world and in the new, and whose visit of a year or more to the United States and Cuba is so well remembered here, is about closing her book on the Western World. In a letter, dated at Stockholm, in April, she says that Mrs. Stowe's book is much read in Sweden, but though a warm opponent of slavery, she does not approve of its method of treating the subject, or the general scope of the book. She expresses the hope that what she has honestly written of the subject will not lose her the good opinion of her friends, some of the best of whom she acknowledges to have found at the South.

The praises of others may be of use, in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Few boys are born with talents that excel; but all are capable of living well.